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## The Northern, December, 1922

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# NORTHERN



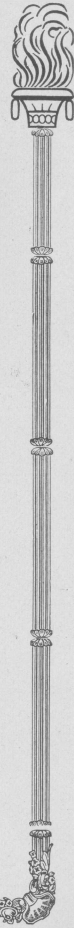
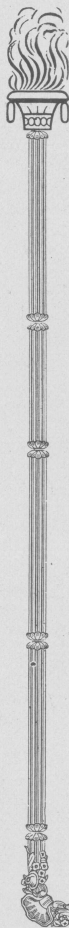
FURBUSH PRINTING COMPANY, BANGOR, ME.

## CHRISTMAS ~ 1922

The Northern Comes to You with the  
Greetings of the Season

A Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year  
To You—

whoever you are, wherever you live, whatever  
your calling in life



*May it be on Christmas eve, when the children are hanging stockings in the chimney corner that you too may find your faith in the essential goodness and kindness at the heart of the world renewed. May it be on Christmas morning—and all the mornings thereafter—that you shall find your faith rewarded. And as the little tot finds in his stocking the little woolly sheep for which he prayed with such simple trust, may you find for yourself those things which mean most to you, and for which you have patiently waited.*





# Some Pioneers of MOOSEHEAD

## CHESUNCOOK and

## MILLINOCKET

A Story of the Past

By F. S. Davenport

WE three—J. P. Moore, F. A. Appleton, and the writer, knew very well what we were about when we started on our excursion; able and distinguished pens—Winthrop, "Life in the Open Air" Thoreau, "The Maine Woods," had traced and illumined the route, so it was clearly outlined to our imagination, but we did not know that, 58 years afterward it would be printed in The Northern, and here we are.

This humble pen will be aided by authentic photographs of persons, hotels, camps, and other things, long since disappeared, a collection of more than fifty years, some lately found and others promised in season for the issue in which they belong, and these will tell their own story better than this pen can tell it.

I will whisper that all the events were as stated, yet were not all in the one excursion, but in two over the same route, and are interwoven because important as history, and for other reasons. This explains seeming errors as to dates. I will tell the story, and you may make dates as you please.

### PART IX.

From Mt. Ktaadn to the Lower Lakes

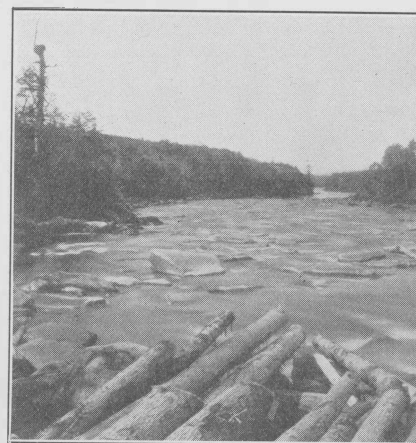
THE charm of the scenic part of the West Branch is its wildness, together with its remoteness, pure scenery without habitations, or other contrivances of man. When such are placed therein it will be less attractive. The American "en masse" has no sense of proportion, never had, never will have. If he builds a camp or hotel, he will arrange it for certain purposes. An idea that it should harmonize in plan and color with its environment will never enter his mind. His patrons will not complain, their mental attitude is in unison with his. The building should be made of the trees, among which it is to stand, a design of construction to seem as if itself grew there, as did the trees. I can present photographs of this scenic region, that show no buildings (except one, that is in perfect harmony with its environment.)

I shall not leave the "inexhaustible Aybol trout pool" without telling more

about it "and why." It has all the conditions demanded by trout, in summer or any other season. It is deep, wide, water is flowing through it constantly, it is filled and running over with the ice cold water of the Ayboljacknagesic, which never sees the sun.

The water from the Aboljackamegus flows over the lower end of it but does not sink into it because it is warmer water, and, also, it is kept out by the overflow (as above). All the near-by streams and ponds and distant ones contribute each a supply of trout to it; if you take all of them out today, there will be just as many in it tomorrow or the next day. I have fished it a dozen times, (once through a jam of logs) always the same result.

I must tell about the jam of logs. It was in 1870, my trip with E. A. Cummings and Peter Dana as guide. We came down by way of the North East Carry. On Pine stream falls was a jam of logs two miles long, the West Branch Logdriving Co. had a team there and hauled us by the jam—are obliged to do so in such case as it is a thoroughfare. At Aybol falls



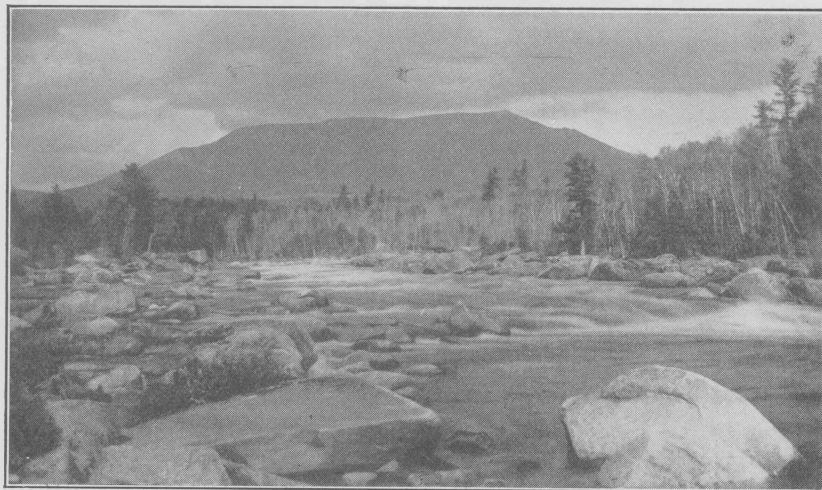
Looking Down Katepsconegan Falls from a Log Jam on the Third Pitch.

there was another jam of logs extending back two miles, over this we had to do our own toting, which was disagreeable and dangerous; the left bank is a swamp, the right bank steep, full of immense trees and rocks, it was over logs or nothing. We camped at the head of the Aybol carry where it had been cleared for quite a space. The trout pool was under the log jam; that would make no difference to the trout, the streams would bring in the drowned insects and worms just the same. There were one or two August grass hoppers left around the camp, we caught two trout with each insect on a hand line let down between the logs. That finished the grass hoppers. Then we turned over flat stones here and there, and gathered some crawling insects, these were affixed to artificial fly hooks and tried again, the trout swallowed them at sight; we could take all we needed.

There was an episode somehow worth telling, while we were toting over the logs and were eating lunch, my "butter fingers" let fall the screw-top of a flask of medicine between the logs and it rested on the sandy bottom in plain sight, far out of reach. Peter said "I get it." He cut a straight bit of alder bush long enough to reach, split the end 12 inches, inserted a wedge to keep it open, bevelled the inside edges of the split, forced it over the metal screw-top releasing the wedge, drew up the top and handed it to me.

It happened that A. L. Hinds was taking photographs along the West Branch in 1870. He took a photo of that log jam and I include it in this part nine.

The head of the Aybol carry, where we first landed, is across from our camp. The stream looks practicable as far as we have sight of it. We decide to cross and skirt the shore as far as we may to save toting; we save forty rods, and reach a point where there are more rocks than water, check up, and land at the foot of a path a rod in length, which is a branch of the main carry; so, there are two pitches, this one, and another below. Had we come to this at spring pitch we could not cross the strong



MT. KTAADN FROM KATEPSCONEGAN LAKE

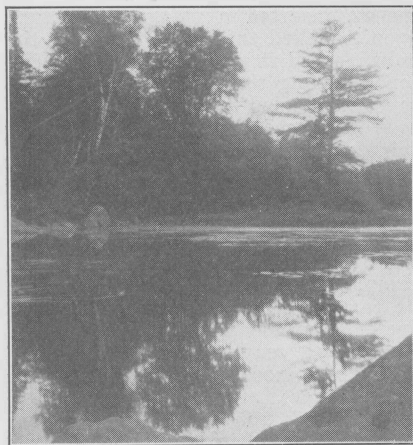






POCKWOCAMUS BEAR TRAP CHANNEL

current, but must go on over the falls and take our chance. This carry is level and attractive; returning without a load we have a grand view of the mountain all the way. At the foot of the falls and of the carry are enormous boulders in a channel filled up with the gravel and sand of centuries, a shallow eddy, can wade across anywhere. The head of Aybol falls is at elevation 564 (a fall of 9 feet over the deadwater below Sourd-nahunk falls), the foot at elevation 551, a fall of 13 ft. in 0.50 of a mile.

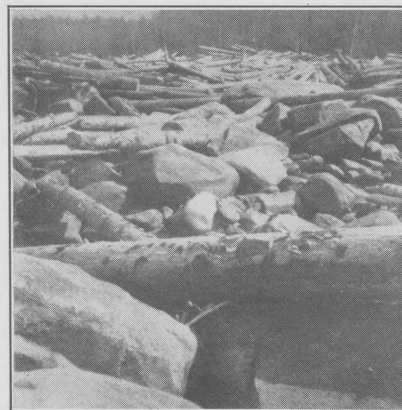


PLACE OF THE TROUT  
On Pockwocamus Deadwater, Near the Head  
of Katepsconegan Carry.

Here is a change in the order of names; above it was first the lake, and then the falls of the same name, from this point, it is first the falls, and then the lake of the same name—we enter a channel about a rod wide through and under small trees, 0.70 of a mile long with a fall of two feet in the distance; and wonder what has become of the water that we have seen passing over Aybol falls. Jack said, "when you come to Pockwocamus falls, you'll see that you can't run 'em, and you'll see the head of the carry on the right, you can't miss it." This carry is rough, begins and ends on boulders and ledges, from which we launch on a swift and smooth rapid, which after a rod or two of crooked channel pours into the Pockwocamus deadwater. The head of these falls is elevation 549, the foot 528, a fall of 21 feet in 0.45 of a mile over two pitches of rough water. The photograph of these falls will do as well for Aybol falls, they are "as like as two peas in a pod."

Here are three islands and four channels, the main channel indicates itself by the flecks of white foam on its surface. Another is called the "Bear-trap channel," another the "Middle channel." The Pockwocamus deadwater is 2.90 miles long, with a fall of one foot. Jack told us to follow the right hand side and to enter no coves or run-rounds. The views of Mt. Ktaadn from this course

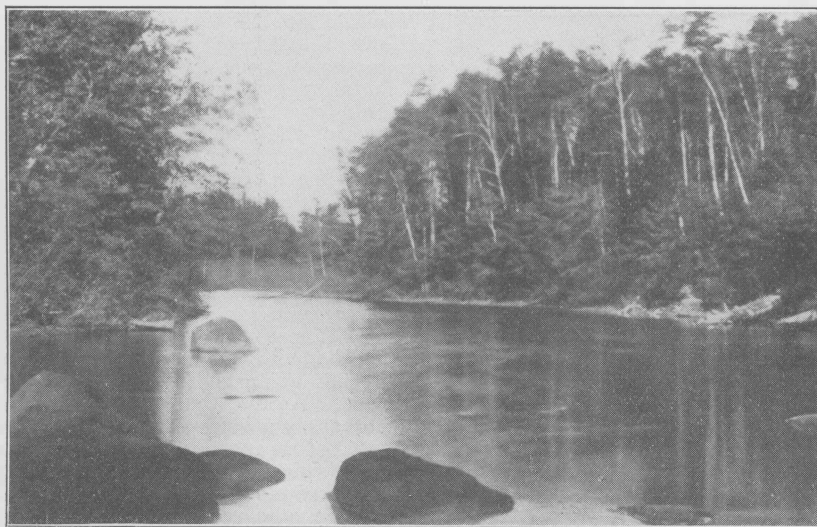
are marvelous, we have to turn half around to see them; this miniature lake has picturesque qualities of its own; nearing the foot of it we see beyond us a large boulder standing out three or four rods from the shore, among reeds and lily-pads; a very large fish breaks water there, we know what to expect, reach the rock, drive the setting pole into the muddy bottom, hitch the canoe to it. One climbs up on the boulder, our rods are rigged, we cast, everyone gets a rise; the one on the rock strikes too hard, and breaks his tip short off—because—there is a three pound trout on his fly, which is saved by careful hand-



LOG JAM, ABOLJACARMEGUS FALLS



*True ambition will not use a jimmy to get in.*



CHANNELS AT FOOT OF PASSAMAGAMOC

ling, after the others have secured their smaller fish. I tried this pool every trip afterward but never got a single rise.

Leaving the rock and trout pool we see the head of "Katepsconegan Falls," (1865) (now called "Debsconeg" for short), and the head of the carry is near; an open glade among young trees with a convenient landing.

The elevation at the head of the falls is 527, at the foot 499, a fall of 28 feet in 0.25 of a mile, first half over solid ledge, last half through scattered boulders and pitches, ending at a deep and extensive eddy; at this pitch of water nine-tenths of the floor of it is bare sand and gravel, the deposit of the spring freshets of thousands of years, with enormous granite boulders here and there on the right hand side; on the left, what of channel there is at summer pitch, a smooth and moderate rapid, 3 or 4 rods wide, covered with foam. The carry is a shady path through tall woods. We make five trips over these carries, we are in no haste, there are thousands of blueberries, we make return trips without loads, to follow along the edge of the falls, see them at short range, best of all to have the wonderful views of the great mountain, study its moods, its changes of pose, of expression, of color; it will not be in front of us any more, must make the most of it "ere we go hence and be no more seen."

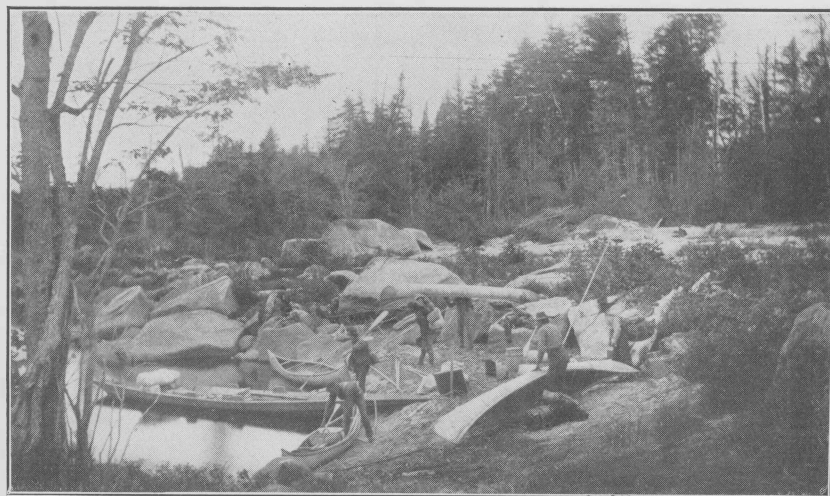
When we reached the foot of this carry with our final load it was 4 o'clock p. m., the hour to start making camp; a lovely glade on top of the high ledge on our left hand, close to the water, convenient for everything, was waiting for us. A faint shadow of a path led to it; a space had sometime been cleared up, now overgrown with ferns and short grass. One glance was enough: "here we are, here we stay." Plenty of drift stuff and leaves that had been drying all summer lay in small bunches along

the sand of the eddy, the remaining rod of the carry beyond the faint path sloped over the sand to the water's edge, and just there blackened rocks indicated former camp-fires. Pure, sparkling, aerated water for drinking and cooking; far better than still water. We have here a restful night, quiet dreams in unison with the soft murmur of the falls, oblivion without troubles or cares.

We are in about the middle of the part of the West Branch destitute of inhabited houses or log-shanties: in woods far away from the stream are camps inhabited in winter, now vacant. The Chesuncook settlement is 36 miles above this point, 21 miles above that is the North East Carry, where for years has been some kind of a log-shanty at one end or the other, or in the woods near-by. Below this point it is 26 miles to the Tom Fowler house, 2 miles to the next house, then 3 miles to the George McCauslin house, and none below until the outskirts of Mattawamkeag, about 15 miles. While this story is in printing conditions are very much other-

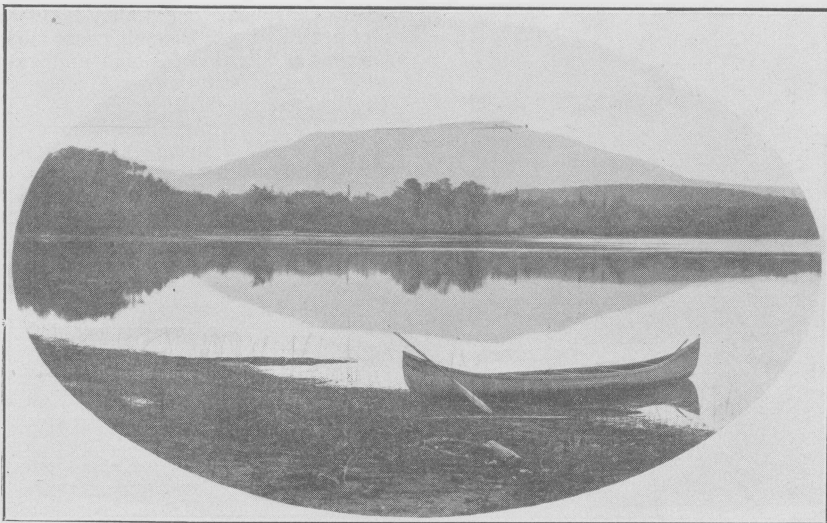
wise; there are log-shanty-hotels all along the West Branch, with many patrons who come for fish and game, with scenery thrown in. A motor can (by way of the Millinocket tote road) reach Pocwockamus deadwater over a road safe for a speed of ten miles an hour. This road within two years will cross the Aybol trail to Mt. Ktaadn and connect with new Duck Pond-Sourdnahunk road—a continuation of the wonderful Ripogenus road—making a continuous motor road from Millinocket to Greenville.

We sleep late, no longer in any haste, and take some time arranging breakfast, and eating it. It is a lovely September morning, after the fog over the water clears away, we can see a mile down stream, as far as its turn to the left into Katepsconegan lake (see photo) and expect to follow it to that point. After floating along over the quiet and lazy rapid, with just steerage way on the canoe for a quarter mile, and beyond the fringe of trees on the left hand side, we come to an open view, and see a large eddy created by the last pitch of the falls (as above) really the head of Katepsconegan lake, it is ten feet or so below this rapid over which we are passing. The stream has cut, through the intervening edge or shelf, (covered with small bushes) five channels, through them the water rushes over steep pitches into the eddy. The canoe passes the first two small channels without evidence of being attracted. The third channel is large, a deal of water is flowing through it, the canoe feeling the pull shows an intention to enter that channel, we are a hundred or more pounds lighter than two weeks ago, we have time to look over the entire channel and pitch, it is straight with plenty of water, the word is said, "Let her go, see what she will do"—She goes—we have ten seconds of excitement, reach in safety the swirling surface of the eddy, and save a half-mile of travel. There are three Katepsconegan lakes separated by short thoroughfares; each presenting a vista of the lake beyond it.



THE FOOT OF KATEPSCONEGAN CARRY





KTAADN FROM POCKWOCAMUS FALLS, 1913

Jack Mann said: "Take your straight course down the lake, don't go off one side into any of them thoroughfares, if you do you will have to come out again. Likely they are boomed across to keep the logs out, if not you will see the booms lying along the shore."

This lake and Pockwocamus each merit a stay of two or three days. The scenery is notable because of Mt. Ktaadn; its change of pose, and of color, in accordance with the position of the sun is their greatest charm; the view over the Pockwocamus falls, the view from the western shore of Katepsconegan lake—"Its top into the clouds ascends"—can never be forgotten. We regret to leave these lovely lakes, parts of the entrancing charm of this scenic region. They have attractions of their own also. This lake narrows at the lower end, there are islands and channels, through these is a descending grade, the stream moves faster. Jack told us: "Keep close to the left hand shore and keep away from all other channels, go slow and watch for the carry. The entrance is small and blind, scarcely shows at all. You'll know it by a ring-bolt set in a granite boulder to hold a boom in driving season."

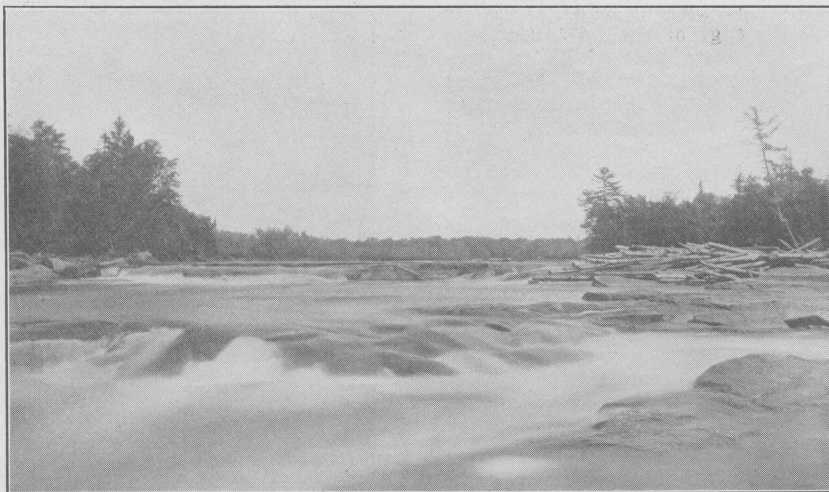
While the canoe was moving at the pace of the current and we were watching for the head of the Passamagamac carry, a rifle shot rang out from some unknown direction, within, perhaps, a hundred yards. We kept quiet, listening, expecting to hear voices, or the rush of some wild animal. There was not a sound, absolute stillness, we slowed up and waited, heard nothing, saw nothing, at last started along. In those days hunters did not mistake a man for a deer or for a duck, and we were not timid. The rifles were muzzle-loaders, and were not effective beyond two hundred yards.

Finally we see the ring-bolt in the boulder, and the pits made by the spikes of the drivers' boots. The entrance is narrow in tall dark woods.

There is not space on the rock for the three of us. Two land on the rock, the third hands out baggage, etc., that must be taken along into the path, that we may have room to take the canoe ashore. The path is narrow, dark, level, not a stone anywhere, almost mud, just wide enough to walk in single file. A dozen rods or more along, a branch path, much wider, leads on the right hand to another "take-em-out place," the rest of the carry is wider, the woods open and lighter. The length of Katepsconegan lake is 3.25 miles, the fall 1 foot in that distance. The elevation at the head of Passamagamac falls is 498, at the foot 488, a fall of 10 feet in 0.25 of a mile. These falls go around a turn to the left, the carry cuts across, and is much shorter. This Passamagamac deadwater is only a bulge of the stream, narrow, with no outlook; Mt. Ktaadn is not in sight from any point. Its length is 1.47 miles. At the foot it widens, there are four islands, five channels, some of them swift deep water; Jack told us to take the left hand channel, we

would see the carry as soon as we saw the Ambejejis falls; these pass to the left in a half-circle around an ugly scraggly hummock, covered with half-dead trees. Elevation at the head 488, at the foot 478, a fall of 10 feet in 0.40 of a mile. The carry is a wide path, easily discerned, it cuts across the turn, and is shorter than the falls, first half up over the hummock, last half down the other side through spruce trees (poles) as large as a shovel handle, (thousands of them) with no branches, save at the tops, a cat could not crawl through. As dismal a path as was ever seen, it ends at an eddy at the foot of the falls. Across, on the other bank, higher, is a very tall dead tree destitute of branches, crowned with an eagle's nest, the eagle was out "gadding around," we could descry it far up in the heavens. Two hundred feet below the eddy there is a short steep pitch pouring into Ambejejis lake at a little cove in the corner before the lake itself is visible. Before launching we looked the pitch over, it is straight with plenty of water, a distinct "plunge." We ran the canoe over it at high speed. The impulse shot the canoe far out, we turned the corner (on the right) into the lake and yet farther without using a paddle. The Ambejejis falls have been flowed out for more than twenty five years, the steamer from Norcross can reach the foot of Passamagamac falls, now the level of Ambejejis lake. Jack Mann told us to follow the right hand shore of Ambejejis until we would reach the old Ambejejis boom house, on the thoroughfare, where we could stay as long as we were prowling around in "the lower lakes."

Since Chesuncook our eyes have been resting on shores watched over and cared for by Dame Nature herself, who repairs damage soon after it is made, at least in the next season. The young tree, bush, fern, flower replaces the old, charm and beauty are not allowed to languish or cease. Therefore, our first vision of Ambejejis lake was a disappointment.

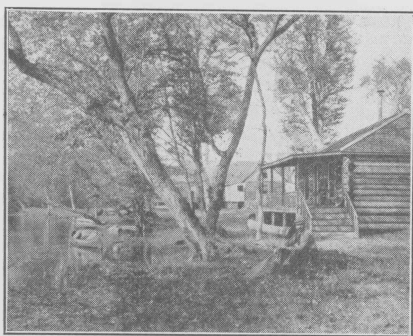


THE HEAD OF KATEPSCONEGAN FALLS



Are you looking for a "pull?" Why not push?





JOE FRANCIS' CAMPS, 1890

to live and hasten the time when The North Twin dam had got in its work, even in those early years, here were shores like those of Chesuncook lake, covered with white ghosts of trees. "The sisters, the cousins, and the aunts" of the Chesuncook trees. Here are four lakes, Ambejejis, North Twin, South Twin, Pemadumcook, all on one level, connected by wide thoroughfares; in the same condition. It is but seven miles from the boom house, (our log-shanty-hotel for two or three days) to the North Twin dam, if we don't like the lakes we can get away from them in two hours. Some few places along on our right hand are high, not flowed over, have some charm. After a paddle of four miles we cross a cove from point to point, and there is the boom house, our haven. Welcome sight, we can stay as long as contented, no bother of making camp, no wood to cut, a roof over our heads—"Good old Ambejejis house, let us in and take care of us."

#### FIRST AUTOMOBILE INTO SOURDNAHUNK COUNTRY

Sept. 28, 1922. Mr. George O'Connell, Supt. of Duck Pond and Sourdnamunk road construction, went over the road in his car as far as Sourdnamunk stream, crossing the bridge over Sourdnamunk stream—the first person to drive an automobile into the Sourdnamunk country.

The same date after work was through for the day, Ralph Drinkwater drove his Ford car as far as it was possible to go up the old Sourdnamunk tote road, over corduroys, rocks, stumps, water and mud holes. The tote road in places was worn down so that the banks on either side were higher than the wheels and the hubs dragged pretty hard in some places, but by the combined efforts of all including the car, managed to get within sight of Sourdnamunk lake. Amos Workman, Dynamite Murphy and Bert Wallace were with Drinkwater on the trip. Lots of people thought it was impossible and said foolish, but it was a trip to wonder at, and a Ford will go most anywhere! Left No. 5 camp at 5:45 p. m. and returned at 9:15.

Home—the place where we are treated best and grumble most.

#### For the Peace and Safety for the Nations

"If we thought less about ourselves, we would think more about each other." It was Ansel B. Smith, the sage of Chesuncook, who spoke these words.

We were seated before the great fire that was roaring defiance to the cold wind and drifting snow; it was a typical night in mid-winter; the stars were looking down on a vast expanse of lake and forest, over which the wind was sweeping with terrific force, burying the little village in heaps of drifting snow. Those words have remained fixed in my memory ever since that night.

It may have been that the peculiar surroundings and circumstances under which they were spoken, fixed them thus in my mind.

A strange place I thought, to get wisdom, and then I remembered how the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah, saying, "go down to the potter's house and there I will cause thee to hear my words."

Words of wisdom, yes, and do they not contain the true philosophy of life. Was not the same great idea contained in the message that two thousand years ago, was given to mankind, by those winged heralds that hovered above the plains of Judea and sang of peace on earth and good will toward men.

Is it not our failure to think less about ourselves and more about each other, that is, to a great degree, responsible for the unrest and disorder that today exists in the industrial world.

I believe it to be the great underlying cause of the social and domestic discord that threatens the very foundation of our most sacred institutions.

The remedy lies in the fact that we are beginning to realize that this is true; evidence of it is constantly before us. It is indicated by the renewed and ever increasing activities of our great religious organizations; we see evidence of it in the great work of the Red Cross and kindred associations; by the unprecedented out-pouring of hoarded wealth in behalf of our hospitals and institutions of learning; the charities and philanthropies of the world were never so well supported as now.

Surely the reign of hate is giving place to the rule of love. Yes, there is abundant evidence that we are thinking less about ourselves and more about each other, all of which is making for the peace and safety of the nations.

If we could have a universal application of this philosophy, the hatred and animosities of the nations, that for centuries have been accumulating, would disappear; the war-flags of the world would be furled in lasting and enduring peace.

Let us think on these things as we gather in our homes and churches to celebrate the birth of the child of Bethlehem, and by so doing, we shall make the world a better place in which

*"Peace shall over all the earth her  
ancient splendor fling;  
And the whole world give back  
again,  
The song which now the angels sing."*  
A. S. BISBEE.

"Well, well!" interestedly ejaculated a recently arrived guest. "Look at that man running with all his might up the street? What do you suppose is the reason for his haste?"

"That's Austin Aggle," replied the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern. "Knowing him as well as I do, I presume he has had a hint that trouble of some kind is going to happen in the other end of town, and he is rushing there to act as innocent bystander."—Country Gentleman.

Mr. Angus Gatherer, who is in charge of No. 3 camp of the Duck Pond-Sourdnamunk road operation, recently uncovered an Indian tomahawk. It was found on the bank of Sourdnamunk stream under about three feet of clay.

#### INSTITUTIONAL ASSETS

One who has been doing some work for the Social Service Division has recently been accompanied by a small party—men of affairs. It has been most pleasing to hear from these men very generous expressions of the solicitous entertainment given them while at some of the operations by the Superintendents and other officials of the Company. And it has been also very pleasing to have heard lately expressions coming from outsiders who were present at the last Field Day, as to the sobriety and dignified bearing of the personnel of the Company—about three hundred being present. Gentlemanly courtesy and sobriety is an asset to anyone or to any institution.

Mr. J. P. Hayes was at the Forty Mile a few days ago.

#### GREETINGS FROM PITTSTON FARM

SUNDAY, OCT. 22, 1922.

Oh, this is the place to come and rest; This is the spot where hunting is best. Back to the Farm at close of day, All ready to eat and hit the hay. Up in the morning at five A. M.—Another day's tramp; and in again.

This is the way we're getting our game,

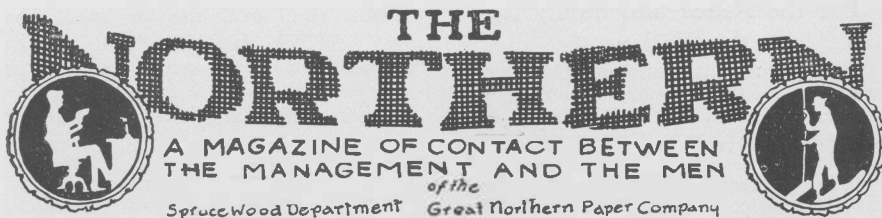
On a two weeks' outing in the woods of Maine.

You know this life of which we tell, And we wish you were with us, good friend Bedell.

W. M. FAWCETT  
CHAS. L. TURGEON  
JOHN S. P. H. WILSON  
S. E. WOODMAN  
BURTON SMITH

*Gibraltar is less than two square miles in area.*





Edited and Published by the  
**SOCIAL SERVICE DIVISION**  
**MONTFORD S. HILL, Superintendent**  
**OSCAR S. SMITH and AIME J. TOUSSAINT, Associates**  
 on the week of the fifteenth of each month.

Gratis to the fortunate within the pale—gratis to the unfortunate without the pale.

All employees are asked to cooperate with news items, personals, photographs, suggestions, anything that will please and not offend. Address all communications direct to Montford S. Hill, Superintendent, room 607, 6 State St., Bangor, Maine. Copy must be in by the tenth of the month.

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## Editorials

### LEST WE FORGET

The Christmas season as traditionally and usually recognized is a child's observance. May it never be anything less. But it is much more.

The world moves. Men and women who think and act in the advance cause its movements. The outward look is imparative. The forward glance is essential. Vision is demanded. Prophecy is a safe venture. Promotive enterprise must be fostered. Expanding action cannot be retarded. All of this means ideals—things and conditions not yet attained unto. The destructive critic is to be condemned in most respects; but even he may be allowed some little notice, for he is apt to hold something of an unattained end. A live and aggressive civilization is bounding with idealistic possibilities. It is ablaze with enthusiastic campaigns.

But in all of this vision and enthusiasm there lurk some dangers. All of this may become merely runaways. Sense may be overcome. Good judgment may be set aside. Spasmodic and hysterical endeavor may readily supplant sane and sure movement. The world has never been more astir than today. In this is to be seen a healthy condition. But also the world today is rife with poisonous isms. There are motives and methods afloat to reach dangerous ends. Serious thoughtfulness behooves us. Society does not alone need leadership with vision but equally it needs leaders with thoughtful appreciation of present attainment.

We have occasionally observed so much abnormal looking to the future and to desired improvement that all present accomplishment has been submerged and ignored. We have further observed that usually the promoter of wild cat theories and ends has not only failed to recognize what we have come to but he even takes the present in a most condemning sense. He either maliciously or thoughtlessly eliminates what has been accomplished

to enhance what he thinks ought to be secured. One would think to hear him for a little that he considers the world is just starting and that we are living in a land of nothing. It is not only a matter of what ought to be, with the wise and thoughtful, but it is as well what already is.

We said at the opening of this article that Christmas is much more than an observance for children. It is a time in our calendar for strong men and women living in the twentieth century to put true valuations on present day life and conditions. And in doing this we believe, that he who does it in a comprehensive way, will not fail to see that comparatively we are living a higher grade of life than has ever been the common lot of the masses before in the world's history. We might go on with enumerations of specific points in support of this optimistic view. We might here draw historical comparisons but we forbear. In this Christmas season of 1922 let us all give our present life and environments some little decent consideration, "lest we forget."

### THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

In these days when newspaper correspondents are searching the near and remote corners of the earth and dragging forth for the inspection of the ordinary man the secret thoughts of individuals and the purposes of nations, there is little excuse for any of us remaining in ignorance of what these investigators, at least think, they are finding out. There is one thing in all this array that must arrest the attention of even the casual reader, and furnish food for thought. It is the very general agreement to be found among them, in all their writings, as to the distrust which one group or nation has for every other. The charges of unfair dealing that are passed between races and peoples, and the actual presence of deep and bitter hatreds where such feelings, professedly at least, do not exist. Whatever explanation newspaper men

may have as to the cause of such conditions or whatever theory they may advance as a cure, there is little or no disagreement among them as to the existence of strife, distrust and hatred among the peoples and races of the globe.

As we approach another Christmas season, it is but natural that our minds should run beyond the love and good fellowship of our own firesides and neighborhood to take the larger sweep included by this more extended human interest. We instinctively wish, as soon as we think of it at all, that the children of men could share with us the real Christmas spirit—the passing of the season's greetings, the expression of the kindly wish, the interchange of the little gift that shows the presence of the kindly thought.

Wouldn't it be a great thing if the peaceful purpose and the intent of good will could extend from man to man and include every race over all the wide world! In the face of actual world conditions we naturally ask ourselves, why not?

Possibly it does to a larger extent than we are prepared to believe after our first hasty survey of the world through the eyes of our investigators. Does it occur to us, at times, that the expression of our better feelings is often not an easy matter? Isn't it true that we would often help—have the will and purpose to help—but don't know how? When new situations arise, it takes times for us to find our way about in them. Isn't there some truth in the guess that the world is in the new situation, which demands new expression, and we have not yet learned how to act? The chances are that the spirit of strife and discord which often seems to control the purposes of men is after all not so bad as appears. Show the average man, any where, what is right—and the chances are he'll do it. Show him how to be kind, and his ready action will show that kindness was in his heart all along. There are very few people in the world who do not desire peaceful and kindly relations with those about them. Man to man peace and good will seems a comparatively easy thing, but we seem not to have learned how to express that same spirit in the group to the group. The truth is we haven't yet learned how to live together.

Now it is true that there is greed and selfishness and injustice in the world. No one can be indifferent to or ignore that fact. There was always such, but to those who read the story of the race in ages past, there comes the notion that there is less of it today than formerly. And, spite of appearances to the contrary, there is reason to hope for the future a better expression of the shepherd's message.

It is a long, long trail for the sons of earth to follow from the Judean hills, where first rang out the peace and good will message, to its perfect application to the jumbled and con-



*We are not punished for our sins, but by them.—Selected.*

fused present. The message would always apply to any situation, but its application is always made by humans and humans are short sighted, slow to learn and easily confused. Is it any wonder then that we sometimes lose the trail or wander about in the clouds of dust raised by our own tramping?

It is a matter in which everybody has his part. Complete success can come only when we have all made our best effort. Trying in this as in other things must bring its reward.

"So shall we learn to understand

The simple message of the shepherds  
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to Man."

A. C. Robinson, formerly in the clerical service of the Company, and also with the Paymaster's Dept., has purchased a farm a short distance from Dexter village.

\* \* \*

Capt. Alex Gunn reports that boating on Chesuncook lake has been very hard all the fall on account of extremely low water.

\* \* \*

Miss Amy Beedy, at one time employed at Ten Mile and at another at Pittston in housework, is now with F. T. Hall grocery concern, Exchange street, Bangor.

#### IF YOU'RE GOOD

Santa Claus'll come tonight, if you're Good,  
And do what you know is right,  
As you should;  
Down the chimney he will creep,  
Bring you a wooly sheep,  
And a doll that goes to sleep—  
If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh  
Thro the wood,  
But he'll come around this way,  
If you're good.  
With a wind-up bird that sings,  
And a puzzle made of rings,  
Jumping-Jacks and funny things,  
If you're good.

Santa grieves when you are bad,  
As he should;  
But it makes him very glad when  
You're good.  
He is wise, and he's a dear;  
Just do right and never fear;  
He'll remember you each year,  
If you're good.

—St. Nicholas.

An eight pound girl, Eleanor Mildred, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Prentis Preble October 25. Mr. Preble was located at the Grant Farm and later at Pittston in clerical work for a considerable period up to about a year ago. Mrs. Preble was also at Pittston for some months. Many friends will send congratulations.

## Opportunity

By WALTER MALONE

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!  
Each night I burn the records of the day—  
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past  
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse three from they spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;  
Each morning gives three wings to flee from hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"  
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be a man again!

Would suggest that P. J. Murdock be entered in the hundred yard dash at the next field day. There's a reason.

\* \* \*

Former Supt. of Farms H. T. Fogg, now proprietor of the Vaughn House at Caribou, Maine, was a recent caller in Bangor.

#### EXIT ROMEO

We were seated in a hammock  
On a balmy night in June,  
When the world was hushed in slumber  
'Neath the magic of the moon.  
I had asked one little question  
And my heart was filled with hope,  
But the answer never reached me  
For her brother cut the rope!

The home of Supt. and Mrs. R. L. Clough was somewhat brightened recently, on account of the arrival of a baby daughter, born November 1, 1922.

#### EXPERIENCE

One by one we catalog the pitfalls of the past—year by year we enter our experiments in the ledgers of memory, until our brains are indexed for ready reference and yesterdays become a guide book to safety.

#### AT THE ORIENTAL

Scene: Monty and his most excellent wife dining. In breezes a short-skirted damsel, who seeing no one else in sight, proceeds to vamp Monty.

Swelling up slightly, muchly would mean tempting the bursting strain, Monty remarks: "My dear, that girl over there is smiling at me."

"That's all right," replied the better half, "I nearly died laughing the first time I saw you."

#### LONELINESS

An ebbing tide—an outbound sail—  
A sombre twilit sea—  
And the sudden voice of the ruthless bar  
For my lonely heart and me.

The tide, impelled, sweeps to its home  
In the caverns of the deep:  
And seabirds hast their homing flight  
To nest and downy sleep.

While I, alone on the naked strand,  
See, through a mist of tears,  
The far, faint gleam of an out-bound sail,  
And the sadness of the years.

—McNamara.





# Home For Christmas



It was Christmas eve and the streets of the city were gay with the spirit of the season. Happy crowds surged too and fro, looking eagerly and expectantly toward the home-going of the morrow. For Christmas is the one time of all the year when the heart of everyone turns toward the old home.

But there was one man among this happy crowd who was not going home. John Rand slouched along the street, looking idly at the shop windows ablaze with the light and color of Christmas. At the same time, he darted sharp, quick glances at the passing crowd.

"I don't suppose there is a pocket worth picking tonight," he thought, "everyone has probably spent his last cent. Most of these people will be going home tomorrow."

Going home! As he said these words something seemed to catch in his throat. Home! At the word a vision rose before his eyes. The city street was changed to a country road. It was another Christmas long ago, his last at home. He saw the old homestead, sat behind its row of maples. In the kitchen his mother was bustling about preparing the dinner; by the fire sat his father, his face alight with genial Christmas cheer. His mind dwelt on the picture. Then came the good-byes and his father's last words, "God bless you, my boy, we shall look for you next Christmas."

He had really meant to go back, but before the next Christmas came around, he was a thief. He had disgraced his father and mother, and there was no going home that year. Tonight was the first Christmas, since that time, that he had been free, for dark prison walls had shut him in for four long years. Now he could never go home again.

John Rand came to himself with a start and gave a quick glance around him, but a strange mist had gathered before his eyes and he could not see clearly. Just then the bells of Christmas began to chime. The crowds upon the street were hushed as they listened to the old message of Peace and Goodwill. John Rand stood still and listened. Although he had come out upon the street to steal, thus far he had stolen nothing. The bells seemed to say, "home, home, home." Just then an elderly gentleman stepped in front of him, stopped, and gazed upward, listening to the chiming bells.

"Now is my chance," muttered Rand, and his hand moved stealthily, yet quickly, toward the unprotected pocket. But, as he moved, the face of his mother floated between him and the light, and when he had brushed it

away, the elderly gentleman had moved on.

"These cursed bells are getting on my nerves," he exclaimed angrily, "why should they make me think of home? Why not go home?" he thought suddenly. "No, they never want to see me again. I have gone too far on this road ever to turn back. No Christmas at home for me."

Turning he began to walk at a quicker pace along the street. The crowd was now growing less and less. He glanced hurriedly about him. He must be on the alert if he wished to accomplish anything that night. At that moment he saw a man coming toward him down the street, a young man who walked aimlessly, and who seemed lost in his own reflections. Nor were these reflections happy ones, for his face was drawn and haggard, and his eyes dull from lack of sleep. Here was one whom the Christmas spirit passed and left untouched.

John Rand watched him as he drew near. "I'll bet he isn't going home either," he thought to himself. As the two men came abreast, Rand saw a thick bill fold protruding from the other's coat pocket. "My chance," he whispered. A small crowd surged about them for a moment, and in a twinkling he had transferred the other's property to his own pocket, while the owner walked moderately on, unconscious of his loss.

Rand hastened to his lodgings. Once inside his room he quickly opened the stolen pocket book. It contained only a few bills of small denomination.

"Might have known that fellow wouldn't have much on him," he grumbled, "well the rest of this doesn't amount to anything. I might as well burn it. What's this? An unopened letter addressed to Mr. Charles Ross, 26 Northup street. He must have forgotten it, or have been too downhearted to read it. It's of no use to me, so here goes."

Just as he was about to throw it into the stove across the room, the postmark caught his eye. It was a small town in the country. The address was written by a hand that trembled slightly. "I'll bet it's from his mother," thought Rand, and half unconsciously he unsealed the envelope and took out the letter. It was short and read:

"My dear Boy: No matter what you have done, we love you and want you to come home for Christmas. You have failed us once, but I have faith that you never will again. You can

start all over again when you go back. Be sure and come. We are waiting for you, father and I.

Lovingly,

"MOTHER."

John Rand clutched the paper tightly in his hand. A mist covered his eyes. He could begin all over again! Be sure and come for Christmas."

Suddenly he started up. He must carry this letter to the other man before it was too late for him to go home. Not once did the thought of the possible consequences to himself occur to him. Going out once more he made his way to the address of the letter, a cheap boarding house in a cheap section of the city.

Upon inquiry he was shown to the room of Mr. Ross. He entered and saw, seated at a table, the young man whom he had robbed. He laid the bill fold before him.

"So you've found my bill fold that I lost tonight," said Ross, "now I suppose you expect a reward."

"No, I expect no reward," replied Rand, "but I have something to say to you and you must hear me through without interruption. I am a pick-pocket. Tonight I robbed you of this bill fold. Inside it I found a letter which you had not opened. I opened and read it. It was from your mother and she wants you to come home. I came here to tell you because, well, because I am not going home either."

Rand hesitated and turned away, but the other man caught him by the hand. "God bless you for coming," he said huskily. "Listen, I stole from my employer. It wasn't much, but I was tempted and fell. But the money haunted me. I couldn't spend a cent of it. Three days after I took it I put it back, but he knew I had taken it, and though he has given me another chance, I have lost his confidence. It was my punishment to write home what I had done, I had disgraced them, and they would never want to see me again. The letter came this afternoon, but I didn't dare to read it. But now I can go home. And you, you can go along with me."

Rand slowly shook his head, "Not this Christmas I am afraid. I have a home and a father and mother who are waiting now, I am sure, just as yours are. But I am a thief, and I cannot go to them blackened as I am. But from tonight I am a thief no more. I start clean tomorrow, and next Christmas I can go home."

Silently the two men shook hands and parted.

MURIEL C. WYMAN

Providence, R. I.



Confidence doesn't ask for odds.

## Bangor Office Locals

C. A. Smith made a trip to Greenville Shop recently.

\* \* \*

Gerald Averill is back to work after being absent an account of his eyes.

\* \* \*

Paymaster Buckley has been somewhat indisposed of late with an infected foot.

\* \* \*

The second assembly will be held in Society Hall, Wednesday evening, Dec. 13, 1922.

\* \* \*

E. E. Brown and I. W. Barker spent Sunday, Nov. 19, at Grant Farm and points beyond.

\* \* \*

### FACTS AND FANCIES

The Boom Sticks if placed end to end would reach from Bangor to Boston.

The pulpwood cut this year would make a cube 411 feet each way, or piled four feet high would reach from Kineo to Washington, D. C.

The trucks and tractors in one month carry freight equal to carrying 1½ tons around the world.

The horses will eat 11,500,000 pounds of hay and oats in 1923. It would take a 7,000 acre farm to feed 'em.

The bookkeeper at Bangor is expected to make 800 postings a day 312 days a year, or 249,000 postings a year. If this was extended in a straight ink line it would reach from Bangor to eternity—and that's the way the bookkeeper feels about it.

\* \* \*

The first Northern Club assembly of the 1922-1923 series was held in Society Hall Nov. 8, 1922, and was very well attended, there being fifty couples on the floor most of the evening. Harold Miller's orchestra put across the harmony in his usual way, which is the way we like it. Ice cream was served at intermission. The dances this season are under the personal supervision of Ira W. Barker and are strictly private for employees of the G. N. P. Co., and their friends to the limit of sixty couples.

\* \* \*

### LePAGE—BRAGDON

Milton E. LePage of Long Pond and Miss Margaret June Bragdon of Bangor were united in marriage Wednesday night in St. John's Catholic rectory, Rev. John F. Murphy, officiating.

The bride wore a gown of mole shade canton crepe with silk lace overdress and picture hat to match. She carried Bride roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Mary A. Turney of Portland, was gowned in brown pan velvet with hat to match and carried yellow chrysanthemums. Carleton S.

LePage of Long Pond attended the bridegroom.

Miss Bragdon is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Bragdon of 63 Division street. Mr. LePage is the son of Mr. and Mrs. LePage of Long Pond. After the wedding ceremony breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. LePage will make a wedding trip to Boston and New York, returning by way of Montreal.

Out of town guests at the wedding were: Miss Mary A. Turney of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene LePage of Long Pond, Carleton LePage of Long Pond, Charles Bragdon of Portland.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. William Hilton were made glad October 21, when Miss Marie Adeline was born to them.

An observer says he saw the following advertisement in front of a moving picture house in Cleveland:

Dante's Inferno  
A Poet's Experience in Hell  
Two Hours  
of Solid Fun.

A large map was spread upon the wall of the school room, and the teacher was instructing a class in geography.

"Horace," she said to a small pupil, "when you stand in Europe facing the north you have on your right hand the great continent of Asia. What have you on your left hand?" "A wart," replied Horace, "but I can't help it, teacher."

Mr. Carl Graves has gone to Portland, where he has employment with the Portland Light and Power Co.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Earl Brown and children are spending several weeks at the Grant Farm cottage.

A noon visit not long ago found things apparently on the move at the operation of Southerland and Hodgins.

S. R. Knox is replaced by F. F. Templeton as Supt. of the Greenville Shop and C. F. Whitten is replaced by W. H. Beale as foreman of the shop.

Supt. Clark of the Rice Farm went to Boston November 4 to attend the graduation of his daughter, Miss Lena, from the Peter Brent Brigham Hospital, and returned November 13.

The last census shows 8,549,000 women workers. Rhode Island has 32 per cent, West Virginia, 11 per cent, and Water Street 10 per cent after 6 p. m.

## Greenville Machine Shop

Here's a couple of good ones with no names mentioned: One of our associates cut himself while shaving and then called into the barber shop and borrowed a caustic stick. Another recently got a deer and is now waiting for his good-natured meatman to come and cut it up for him.

\* \* \*

In addition to the last part of the above—who shot the deer?

\* \* \*

Supt. Knox has returned to the Shop, after a brief illness.

\* \* \*

Manager Gilbert recently visited the Shop. He was accompanied by his son.

\* \* \*

Mr. C. A. Smith of the Bangor Office recently motored through with Supt. Rippe, paying the Shop a few hours visit, returning to Bangor that afternoon.

\* \* \*

John M. M. was at the Shop a few weeks ago. Call often, John!

\* \* \*

J. R. Williams is on his annual vacation. From what we hear he must be going into the poultry business.

\* \* \*

Billy Prest has recently built and moved into a house, just a few rods from the shop.

\* \* \*

Our hats are off to L'lireva D'Lareg, for he is sure some liar.

\* \* \*

To all our associates in the Spruce Wood Department: An extra Merry Christmas, and the usual Happy New Year.

"What were your father's last words?"

"Father had no last words. Mother was with him to the end."—Wag Jag.

### SHE INDORSED IT

A blithe and sweet young thing walked into the bank the other day and addressed the president:

"I want to have this check cashed." "Yes, madam," said he. "Please endorse it."

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business."

"Yes, Madam, but you must endorse it. Sign it on the back please, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went to the desk and in a few minutes returned to the window with the check indorsed: "Your loving wife, Edith."

The president tried to convince himself that this was a proper endorsement. Failing this he reasoned that it was a good endorsement. He paid the check. However, he did not charge it to the drawer, but posted it in his memory book.





Robert H. Barker. Robert is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ira W. Barker, and was born April 6, 1918. He attends the Longfellow Kindergarten school, and is

also a regular fellow on Sundays as a pupil in the Sunday school at the First Universalist church. He is a real boy. He visited Ripogenus Dam about a year ago and thinks the woods country is the place for him.



This is Miss Elizabeth J. Barker, only sister of Robert H. She was born May 24, 1920. Her Pa says she is truly as much of a girl as Robert is boy.

She keeps pace with her "big brother" in Sunday school attendance; though she is hardly yet ready to start in the public school. But no doubt she will be able to keep up her little end all right.



We here present Miss Margaret Julia O'Connell, who is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. O'Connell. She was born July 7, 1920. Her Santa Claus

expectations are large and we guess Pa and Ma will have to shell out some to satisfy her. She is the real thing.

## FOREMAN TRAINING

Methods of conducting Foremanship Conferences and plans for the continuance of Foremanship work within an industry were the purposes of a series of meetings conducted by the Maine State Board for Vocational Education, assisted by members of the Federal Board, at the Pejepscot Paper Company, Brunswick, during the past two weeks.

Foremanship Training as a plant activity has been carried on for some time in various parts of the country. In conducting these courses, the group has consisted largely of foreman or minor plant executives. Several methods have been used in conducting these meetings, from the lecture type of instruction, to the informal method of conducting meetings on the conference plan.

Not until last year was any attempt made to conduct meetings with a group of plant executives and department heads. The Hammerhill Paper Company of Erie, Penn., held a conference of plant executives and superintendents where the conference plan of foreman training was demonstrated, and also members of the group were trained as foreman conference leaders. To adapt Foreman Training types and methods so as to be of value to a group of men, not immediately in foreman's positions, requires that two things be attempted.

First. That demonstration of conferences be carried on with the group for the purpose of informing men of the nature of Foreman Training.

Second. To impart to the group the methods of carrying on Foreman Training in order that they may become Conference leaders.

In carrying out the first part of the program, it is necessary that the men consider themselves as foremen directly over a group of workmen. Most of the men who hold positions of responsibility as department heads and superintendents have come up through the ranks as workmen and foremen, so that the stand is not in any way an imaginary condition.

In conducting these demonstration conferences, the advantages of using the conference plan are taken up. Subjects that have proved helpful in

other conferences are used as topics for demonstration meetings. The group makes an analysis of their responsibilities in the position of a foreman, and these responsibilities are classified under the headings of "Supervision," "Management," "Instruction."

In developing the subject, discussions are encouraged by the use of questions and cases. Most of the information that the leader desires to bring out is developed by the case method. As a result of a number of demonstration conferences, using various subjects such as: Co-operation, Satisfaction, Interest, Giving an Order, and What Constitutes an Order, a portion of the value of this work is secured.

As to the maintenance of the program in the plant, the methods of conducting conferences is taken up with the men. Out of the group undoubtedly a number of men will develop ability to conduct the work with a group of their own foremen in their departments. Just what the value of this work as carried on with plant executives will be, remains to be seen. Certainly if the plants plan a continuance of a program of Foreman Training within the plant, the department heads and executives are the ones that can carry out the maintenance part of the program.

G. A. McGARVEY,  
Regional Federal Agent.

## OTTO GETS INFORMATION

Otto—I see in the paper every once in a while about those dry docks in New York. What are they?

Dill—A physician who won't give out prescriptions.

"Waiter, what kind of pie is this?"

"That's jam pie."

"How so? I see no jam."

"The top, sir, is jammed against the bottom."—*The Stitcher.*

Mr. Guy M. Whitten's car was badly damaged on the Kineo road near the Ten Mile a few days ago.

A plain-clothes man in a Southern city set out the other day to detect violations of the prohibition law. He met an old negro whose appearance he considered suspicious.

"Say, uncle," he whispered with a wink, "do you know where I can get some whiskey?"

"I spec' maybe I kin git yer some ef yer gin me de money," replied the suspected one.

"Well, here is a two-dollar bill," said the plain-clothes man. "I'll wait in the alley here. Now hurry back."

"Yessah, boss, ef ye'll jes' hol' dis box er shoes fer me." And the policeman had the box under his arm before he knew it, while the darkey shambled off down the street, turning the first corner.

Thinking he was on a warm trail and would soon have a prisoner with the goods on him, the sleuth waited in patience. An hour went by. He was getting tired. Two hours. Still no sign of the messenger.

Weary and discouraged, he returned to the police station. Suddenly he remembered the shoes under his arm, and decided to have a look. The box contained, carefully wrapped, a pint bottle of corn whiskey.

## CHRISTMAS

By MRS. CLARA DRAKE

Have you heard the Christmas chorus  
Sounding over hill and plain?  
Have you listened to the music  
That should never come in vain?  
Glory, praise and honor ever  
Unto God who reigns above,  
And to those on earth who journey,  
Peace, good will and boundless love.

Have you seen the Christmas holly  
Flaming forth on every side?  
Has your heart grown strangely  
lighter  
For the green at Christmas tide?  
Has it thrilled you with its message?  
Glory to the Lord and King.  
And good will to every brother,  
Thus the tideings it should bring.

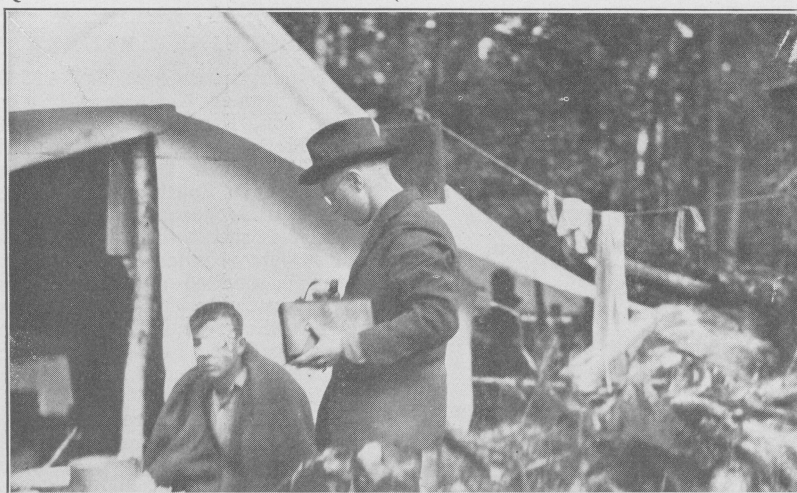
Mr. Adolph: "What about your idiosyncrasies, Mr. Hennessy?"

Hennessy: "I don't know. They were removed when I was a child."



*The proper study of mankind is man.—Pope.*





FIRST AID IN THE MAINE WOODS

## HELPLESSNESS

In the October-November issue of "The Eagle News," published from the industry known as The Eagle Pencil Company, appears an obituary of one who had been an employee of that Company for more than forty-four years. Among the recitation of facts concerning this man the following is given:

One of his friends in the factory tells a story of him that is very typical. On a winter morning about two years ago a man called at the office and asked for Mr. —. Mr. — came but did not at first recognize his visitor.

"Ten years ago," the man said, "I was a bum loafing on Fourteenth street. You took me in, bought me a suit of clothes, gave me a job and looked after me for six months. At the end of that time I went West and I have made good. This is my first visit to New York and I wanted to see you more than to do any other single thing."

Life is complex. But in all of this mass of complexity he who omits the spirit and attempted ends of helpfulness as stated in the above instance has failed to put into the colorings of his life the most radiant tints and the most beautiful blendings. Viewed from this standpoint it is not surprising that some centuries ago a picture of a final appraisal of life was made after this fashion: I was hungry and ye fed me, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and ye came unto me, I was in prison and ye visited me. Helpfulness, what greater achievement! What Diviner impulse!

Mrs. A. V. McNeil accompanied Mr. McNeil to his operation at Black Pond the middle of October, and will remain there for several weeks.

\* \* \*

Mr. Joe McInnis, Supt. of the Ripogenus Stream operation, has his family with him there for the winter.

## WONDERING

Have you ever sat and wondered—  
Why and how come night and day?  
Time for rest and time for sleeping?  
Time for work and time for play?

Have you ever marvelled  
Over sun and rain?  
Over stars and dew and mist?  
Over joy and pain?

Many times I've stopped and pondered  
Over these things old yet new,  
And oftentimes have I wandered  
Over countries far and wide,  
Still were there, the changing season,  
Love and laughter, shore and tide.

On an early frosty morning—  
Have you not felt born anew?  
Each breath deeper ever deeper,  
Strong and fearless, on you grew.

Till at sunset, in the evening,  
When the rest at last you sought,  
You were anxious for the morrow,  
And new battles to be fought.

Again, in summer, how the sunsets  
Seemed to wrap you in a cloud,  
All your thoughts, your hopes, your  
longings,  
Clamored to be voiced aloud.

Yes—we're wondering thru the ages,  
Thru the days that come and go,  
May these mysteries always awe us,  
Keep us subjects, here below.

OLGA.

## CHRISTMAS ADAM

Mama—"You have addressed your letter 'Mr. Santa Claus Adam.' Why did you put the Adam there, dear? That isn't Santa Claus' name."

Bobbie—"Well, who is the Christmas Adam, then?"

"What Christmas Adam? I never heard of one."

"There's a Christmas Eve, and there ought to be a Christmas Adam, I should think"—*Kansas City Journal*.

## MADISON MILL

Carl Ingalls, storekeeper, has returned to his duties after a vacation of two weeks.

\* \* \*

Ingleton Schenck, Supt. of Madison Mill, left for Boston on Tuesday, Oct. 16th, on a business trip.

\* \* \*

C. D. E. surprised every one by working several evenings while "Sid" Rand was away on his vacation. We wonder why? Was it a case of "Seeing Nellie Home?"

\* \* \*

Jesse Mitchell made an auto trip to the Brockton Fair the first of this month.

\* \* \*

The new high school is not wholly completed, although they are keeping school in the building so far completed.

\* \* \*

The new Christopher block on Main street is progressing rapidly.

\* \* \*

The work on the new power house in Anson for the Madison Mill and the new sluice way is going along rapidly. At present they are blasting out the ledges.

\* \* \*

On Friday, Oct. 20th, there was four inches of snow, which had fallen the night before. This is the first snow this season.

\* \* \*

On Nov. 4th, the new Augusta Trust Company bank building was opened for inspection and a large number of people visited this elegant building.

—o—

## TWO OF WHITTIER'S FRIENDS

The pupils were writing about their favorite poets, and one of them handed in this theme on Whittier:

"Whittier was born in America once when his parents were abroad. He had many fast friends; but the fastest were Alice and Phoebe Cary."

—o—

## ANDIE R. CUSHING

Mr. Andie R. Cushing died at his home in Hampden Highlands Nov. 8. He had been in failing health for several months. Mr. Cushing had been connected with mill and lumbering operations for many years and for a considerable period he had been an employee of the Great Northern Paper Co. His many acquaintances and friends will learn with much regret of his passing. Sympathy is extended to the widow and the son and daughter. The funeral services were held from the late residence at Hampden Highlands, Nov. 10.



## SEN. VEST'S FAMOUS TRIBUTE TO A DOG

This eloquent tribute to a dog was delivered by Sen. Vest of Missouri several years ago, and it has become famous.

The distinguished senator was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked the defendant. Vest took no part in the trial, and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to speak. Being thus urged, he arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, when the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

Then Vest sad down. He had spoken in a low voice, without a gesture. He made no reference to the

evidence of the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out but soon returned with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.

Mr. Loyd Pickett of Bangor and Miss Betrice LaPlant of Greenville were married at Greenville November 1, by Rev. Henry C. Vrooman. Mr. Pickett is employed by Mr. Harkness.

\* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Chapman of the Rockwood boarding house are on their vacation. Mrs. N. A. Murphy and Miss Evoy are substituting for them.

\* \* \*

Mr. James E. DeRocher of the Bangor Office was in Rockwood Nov. 2.

A pretty young woman tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was sorting music, and in her sweetest tones, asked: "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned around, looked at her and answered: "It must have been the man at the other counter; I've only been here a week."

## ALL HE WANTED

"Please sir," piped the tiny customer, whose head scarcely reached the counter, "father wants some oak varnish."

"How much does your father want, my little man?" asked the shopman.

"Father said you was to fill this," said the little fellow, handing over a half-gallon can.

It was duly filled and handed over. "Father will pay you on Saturday," said the recipient casually.

And the face of the shopman grew dark.

"We don't give credit here," he said, "Gimme back the can!"

Meekly the little lad handed back the can, which was emptied and given back to him with a scowl.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he wants to do. And I think you have, sir."—*Boston Post.*

The only fault we have to find in Hope is that it only exists in an inactive state of mind. *We hope while we wait.* When you are exerting every effort to achieve your goal you have no time for hope. No racer has any conscious thought of "hoping to win" the race. Every atom of physical and mental energy is at work doing something to win.

## FATALITY AT BURDEEN BRIDGE, NEW BRUNSWICK

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19, Mr. and Mrs. James McGuire with their adopted son, Francis and with Miss Teresa McGuire, a cousin, were driving by automobile from Fredericton, their home, to Southampton to visit Mr. McGuire's parents. As the car approached the bridge at Burdeen, about twenty miles above Southampton it skidded and turned completely over twice. Mrs. McGuire was thrown to the ground, the fall fracturing the skull and breaking the neck. The others in the party escaped with minor injuries.

Mr. and Mrs. McGuire were located at Seboomook some years ago, Mr. McGuire being Supt. of the Farm there. Mrs. McGuire had many friends among the employees of the Company and in the eastern part of Maine. Much sympathy is extended to the sorrowing family. The funeral services were held Wednesday, Nov. 22, in Fredericton.

Mrs. Jewett died in Bangor a few days ago. She will be remembered as the cook at Pittston Farm, which position she has filled the greater part of the time for many years. Lack of leading facts prevents a more extended notice.

Paymaster Titcomb started his driving team November 22.

A good deal of damage was done to the telephone wires on the Kineo road in the vicinity of Moose River by the storm Monday, November 20.

Charles Sawtelle is working for Whitten and Brosenhan.

## LOVE

"True love comes but once"—  
That is, so they say;  
I've found it thrice—  
Or was that merely play?

First it was Dick,  
Then it was Mack,  
Last of all Tom,  
How I wish he were back!

All of these three,  
Real men, everyone—  
Claimed that they loved me,  
Perhaps 'twast just fun.

Yet, I'm still waiting,  
Do you think me a dunce,  
To believe in this saying—  
"True love comes but once."

OLGA.

## HOW VICT. TELLS

Clerk to Vict: What morning of last week were you late, Vict?

Vict, (blinking eyes thoughtfully): "Le' me think. If I can remember what night I stayed home I can tell you when I was late."



## LOCALS

Frank Marks is stopping at Sias Hill.

Fred Fairbanks has been sick at Greenville.

H. P. Drew is now assistant clerk at Pittston Farm.

Asst. Manager Robertson was at Loon Stream of late.

The new office at Seboomook was opened about October 15.

Mr. G. B. Burr fell from a truck sustaining some injury.

Bill Harrington went to Seboomook on a business trip October 26.

Mrs. F. A. Murphy of Lily Bay was in Rockwood Nov. 3 on a visit.

The work on the Seboomook wharf is completed, including the carrier.

The local Ford truck at Rockwood is now being driven by Mr. Clarence Pond.

William Hilton and L. E. Houghton made a trip to Penobscot lake Oct. 26.

Mr. F. A. Murphy of Lily Bay is about to move to Greenville for the winter.

A new stitching machine has been installed in the harness shop at Rockwood.

Miss Annie Fox, telephone operator at the Grant Farm, recently made a trip to Bangor.

Bob Candors has lately been driving a Reo Sedan around the streets of Bangor. Well, Bob!

Mr. Mills, electrician for the Company, has gone to the Rainbow operation for a cutting job.

L. V. Robbins has finished his job as truck driver on the Greenville side and has gone to his home in Hudson.

Bob Irving has been in Bangor for a short time having some dentistry done. He has returned to Seboomook.

Miss Arlene Bowe was a recent visitor at the Grant Farm, spending a few days there with her father, Supt. Bowe.

Mr. Charles Mortell passed through Rockwood a short time ago on his way to Portage Lake to keep time there.

Bill Gallagher has closed his house at Rockwood and he is located at the Twenty Mile. Mrs. Gallagher is in Bangor.

Miss Yvonne Evon is working at the Rockwood boarding house. She was formerly with Mrs. Murphy at the Grant Farm.

The re-built trussel at the Rockwood store house is now finished, the work having been under the direction of Mr. Wilbur Erskine.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Morey have been spending a few days at the Hilton cottage near Seboomook Dam. Mrs. Hilton accompanied them.

Mrs. N. A. Murphy went to Waterville October 10 for surgical treatment of one of her wrists which she injured at the Rockwood boarding house.

The William Tell club held their annual event at the Rockwood Hall November 3. A good time was enjoyed by all. A large number of the Company's employees were present.

Mr. Charles Russell went to Boston the last of October to consult a specialist. He has been suffering with a stomach trouble for some time. He has returned improved in health.

Miss Ida Arsenault has completed her work in the dining room at the Rockwood house, being called home by the illness of her sister. Her place is now being filled by Mrs. Lettie Seward.

### FORESTRY DOPE

"Johnny, why is it dangerous to go in the woods in summer?"

"That's easy. 'Cause the bullrush is out, the cowlips around, the grasses has blades, the flowers have pistils and the little twigs are shooting."

### BREAKING IT GENTLY

A New York silk merchant went to the bank to get his note renewed.

"I am sorry," said the banker, "but it will be absolutely impossible for me to renew your note."

The silk merchant's face paled. After a moment of thought he looked up at the banker and asked:

"Were you ever in the silk business?"

"Why of course not," answered the banker.

"Well, you're in it now," said the silk merchant as he picked up his hat and went out.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

## Telephone Activities

Steve Ranney has connected his camp with the Loon Stream line.

Arthur Paquet & Co. have connected with the metallic at Tomhegan.

A new line has been put in from the thirty-two mile camp to Penobscot lake.

Al McNeil has connected to Armstrong & Bridges operation with Burr's new line.

H. & W. have connected with the G. N. P. Co.'s line at Moose River from Brassua.

Bert Burr has hung a woods line from the head of Caucomgomoc Lake to Caucomgomoc Dam.

The old ground line from Seboomook to Loon Stream has been mated up and made into a metallic.

A pole line has been completed from Loon Stream to Caucomgomoc Lake with a new metallic circuit.

The Telephone Operation has a new stock room at the new Seboomook wharf. This was planned by A. L. Mishou.

The Telephone Construction Crew are building a new camp at Nulhutut, and are running a line from Caucomgomoc Lake to the Seboomook Lake and St. John Railroad.

### TO MY MOTHER

How I love you, darling Mother!  
You, who've watched me night and day,  
Soothed and stilled my childish sorrows,  
Hid and tucked them safe away.

When I've grieved, you have comforted,  
When I've laughed, you've laughed too,  
Has God ever made another,  
Half so good and sweet and true?

So I'm writing of my Mother,  
She who taught me right, not wrong,  
Led me thru the paths of childhood,  
Helped me to grow brave and strong.

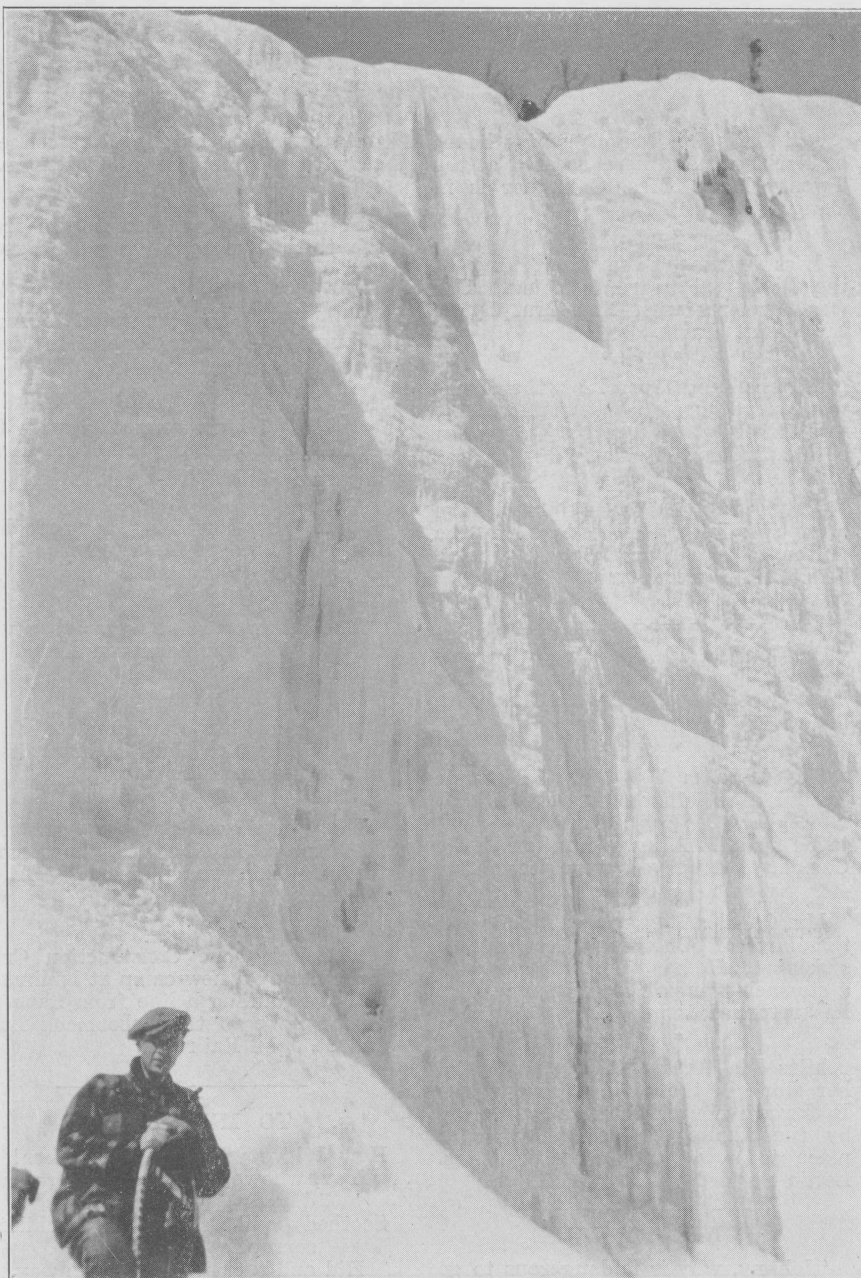
OLGA.

### NOTICE

Mr. H. N. Bartley wishes to announce that all Company people registering at the Piscataque Exchange are requested to sign the regular slip at the time of registration. This is to obviate the bother of getting slips signed subsequent to the registration.







ICE BOUND KATAHDIN ABOVE TIMBERLINE

### THE GREAT NORTHERN MOTION PICTURE FILM

This film is titled as "Jack Spruce or Life in the Northern Woods." It has been in the making for about a year and a half. It is now finished and delivered to the Company. We feel sure that this is a film of quality and of much educational value. It is strictly a Spruce Wood Department film. It consists of twelve reels. The first eight of these reels involve the story and show much of the wide scope of territory and the many activities.

In the story "Jack Spruce" appears first as a city bred chap. He has thought some of trying the woods and hesitatingly visits there, but only to

ask very pointed questions while he is still demurring. At last he is persuaded to visit a camp where a motion picture show is being given. What he see is the Spruce Wood Industry. Seeing this he becomes enamored of the life and signs up. He begins the process of learning the woods job by actually doing it in its various phases and branches, and finally comes out as a Superintendent and is at last to be seen on his farm with his family.

There are two supplementary reels on "Good Roads," showing roads and road construction of the Company in the Moosehead Lake region. There is also a reel on "Canoeing the West Branch" and one of Mount Katahdin.

The initial showing of this film

will be at the Rockwood Hall, Tuesday evening, December 5. A cordial invitation is hereby issued to all employees to be present. Subsequent to this showing the film will be taken to all the farms and all the operations as far as possible and as soon as possible.

### —o— THAT'S EASY

Dixie: "What's the masculine of laundress."

Lida: "That's easy—Chinaman."

### —o— ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy Morn.

Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King

Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,

Our great redemption from above did bring;

For so the holy sages once did sing  
That he our deadly forfeit should release,

And with his Father make us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,

And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,

Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table

To sit in the midst of trinal unity,  
He laid aside; and, here with us to be

Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
And chose with us a darksome house  
of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein

Afford a present to the infant God?

Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain

To welcome Him to this, his new abode,

Now while the heavens, by the sun's beam untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,

And all the spangled host keep watch  
in squadrons bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,

The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:

O run, prevent them with thy humble ode

And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;  
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the Angel quire

From out his secret altar touched  
with hallowed fire.

—Milton.



*Life is something else besides just living.*